

P O E M's  
O N  
VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
CHIEFLY PASTORAL.

BY  
J. RICHARDSON.

---

DARLINGTON.

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THESE POEMS

Are Humbly INSCRIBED to

WM. WRAY Esq.

Of YARM,

BY

*His most Obedient, and*

*Obliged Servant,*

The AUTHOR

THREE POEMS

ARE HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO

WM. W R A Y Esq.

OF Y A R M.

BY

His most Obedient and

Obliged Servant

The AUTHOR



# P R E F A C E.

Kind Reader,

I Mean not to trouble *thee* with an elaborate Preface — it is common for an AUTHOR to say something for his Works;—*mine* may speak for themselves.—

The following pieces which were generally written for amusement at some leisure hours, have all ( however the major part) at different times made their appearance in the world; and, as they commonly pass'd thro' the *hands* of the late ingenious, and laurel-crown'd AUTHOR A. FISHER, who was ever pleas'd to express her approbation; I am not the least fearful for their fate.

—Nevertheless, I doubt not of critic enemies; those gentry (who may be fitly compared to barking dogs) are generally noisy, tho' seldom have it in their power to do much *mischief*.

Criticisim (for the most part) is engendered of envy, *which* it is well known, " Hates the excellence it cannot reach "

Or

—Or as Mr POPE says,

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;  
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;  
For envy'd wit, like sol eclips'd, makes known  
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

My worthy subscribers, will please to accept of my hearty thanks, for the very great Encouragement I have received; hoping in the perusal of these few sheets, ( “ In spite of trivial faults” ) their kind favours will not be judged unworthy.

J: RICHARDSON.

*Yarm,* AUGUST, 4, 1779.

THE





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AN





---

T O  
W I S D O M,  
A N  
O D E;

In Imitation of ANACREON.

---

**W**ISDOM, virtue's sacred fire,  
Nymph cœlestial touch my lyre;  
Goddeſs harmonize my lay,  
Teach me thine all-hallow'd way:  
Whether in the gloomy wood;  
Whether in the briny flood;

A

Whether

Whether in the flow'ry grove ;  
 Whether in the realms above ;  
 Make me thine attendant still,  
 Form me *Pallas*, to thy will.  
 Lead me to thy happy sphere,  
 Where vicissitudes the year,  
 Prove not over:—all is one,  
 Rolling endless ages on.  
 Fairer than the fairest face,  
 Love, and innocence, and grace,  
 Truth and meek humility,  
 Stay congenial maid with *thee*.

Thou, whom mortals should revere,  
 Waft before the heav'ns were ;  
 Or yon vaulted canopy ;  
 Or the Star-bespangled sky ;

Ere



'Ere the sun himself, or ought  
 Was from shapeless *Chaos* brought,  
 Be thou mine, I would no gems,  
 Crowns, or costly diadems,  
 Pearl, or what the nations boast,  
 Spreads on sultry *Guinea's* coast.

Let me count thy beauties o'er,  
 Laud thee to the farthest shore;  
 Tell thy goodness to the poles,  
 Far as mighty ocean rolls;  
 Teach the islands of the sea,  
 Thy unmeasurable sway.—  
 Let me woo thee in the bow'r,  
 At the dawn or ev'ning hour;  
 In my closet, or the park,  
 At mid-day or midnight dark;

Let me, (for I long to find  
 Sweet *Minerva* in my mind)  
 Woo thee where *Olympus* nods,  
 'Midst the circle of the gods :  
 Where divinest honors paid,  
 In the robes of love array'd ;  
 And the pow'rs submit to thee,  
 Patron of the graces three ;  
 All to WISDOM bend the knee.

# DESPONDENCY:



And thus, she, Swanlike, sung her last adieu.  
 Page 55

## D E S P O N D E N C Y,

O R T H E

M A I D's S O L I L I Q U Y.

**S** OON as *Aurora* streakt the dewy lawn,  
 And crimson blushes grac'd the op'ning  
 dawn;

Hard by the entrance of a neighb'ring wood,  
 The lovely, fair, complaining *Phillis* stood :  
 Her aspect wild, with loose dishev'led hair,  
 Her dress was careless and her bosom bare;  
 Her filken mantle balmy zephyrs drew,  
 And thus, she, *swan-like*, sung her last adieu.

Farewell ye flow'ry meads, sweet ruffet plains,  
 Ye blooming virgins and ye jocund swains ;

B

Ye



Ye hills, yedales, and you yeblofs'ming groves,  
For ever conscious of your many loves,  
Farewel!——O TEESE! in never-ebbing  
tides,

Flow on, and lave thy willow-fringed sides!  
The faithless DAMON has forgot his vow,  
For ever backward; ever! ever flow!

Witness ye stars, that gild the concav'd  
height,

And *thou*, th' imperial empress of the night,  
How oft the perjur'd, guileful *Damon* swore,  
By all the love you for *Endymion* bore, [king,]  
By thundring *Jove*, the worlds' sole sov'reign  
*Parnassus* mount, and by the Muses spring ;  
When e'er his vows should vanish into air,  
Or

Or fancy any but his *Phillis* fair;  
As soon should *Luna* guide her brother's car,  
And *he* (not *Juno's* son) preside o'er war.

Rise lovely *Cynthia*, to a nobler sphere,  
And be the *days* delightful *charioteer*;  
*Apollo*, quit thy richly blazon'd throne,  
And bind the warrior's saving helmet on:  
He's false! forsworn! perfidious *Damon's* fled,  
And all his vows, and all my hopes are dead!

Again farewell, ye once endearing *shades*,  
Ye love-wrought arbours, and ye sun-chear'd  
glades ; [perfume,  
Where fragrant breezes shed their rich  
Sweet as th' Arabian or Peruvian gum;  
And

And thousand songsters from the ful-leaf'd  
 sprays,  
 Sing, but deceive not, in their well-tim'd lays.

Now come, propitious to my fond request,  
 Indulgent death, and ease my tortur'd breast:  
 Pleas'd I'll attend *thee* to *thy* peaceful home,  
 Thou kind reliever of the wretched—come.

An



AN  
E L E G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

OF A

Y O U N G L A D Y.

---

“ Flocks wander whar ye like, I dinna care,

“ I’ll brak my reed and never whistle mair ”.

ALLEN RAMSAY

**S**TRAY as ye like my lambs, I care no how,  
Or on the plain, or on the mountains  
brow ; (rocks,

Browse o’er the uplands, ’mongst the shaggy  
Or mix unminded, with some stranger  
flocks ;

For ah ! my days of shepherding are o’er,

C

Since

Since SELIMA, lov'd SELIMA'S no more;  
 Untun'd my pipe for ever now remains,  
 No more with crook, I join the playful  
     fwains; [twine;  
 Rich wreaths no more, I for her temple  
 Her flow'ry garlands never more design;  
 By woe engross'd, shall nurse the plaintive lay,  
 And be thou mournful as thy master TRAY.

Stir not ye zephy'rs, cease thou babbling rill,  
 Be mute ye warblers, and ye groves be still;  
 Ye sportive sylphs, that thro' the woodlands  
     play,  
 Ye green-rob'd fifters of the bell'wing sea;  
 Renounce your customs, ever silent be,  
 Except ye grieve for SELIMA like me.

Those

Those cheeks, that 'clips'd the mornings crim-  
son hue,

And damask roses on the spangled bough;  
No more the swains in rap'trous gaze delight,  
(The prey of death and undeserving night:)  
Lament ye graces, patrons of her youth,  
Ye virtues, and thou silver-mantle truth,

Lost are those *charms* of which the dales  
have rung,  
Clos'd are those *eyes*, that heav'n accented  
tongue,

No more in social converse do I hear,  
All that was worthy, loving, or was dear:  
Weep O ye flow'rs, that gem the joyless mead,  
The pride of virgins, SELIMA, is dead!

AN



AN  
E L E G Y

ON A  
B R O T H E R,

Killed near TICONDEROGA in AMERICA; after serving  
TWENTY ONE Years in the 3<sup>rd</sup>. REGIMENT  
of Foot.

**B**Egone unleas'd, mirthful muse begone  
And come MELPOMENE, assist my  
strain ;

That tears can draw from savage breasted-stone,  
To sing the brother, ( darling brother )  
flain.

How oft victorious from the wars he came,  
To mind let *Gauls* ignoble sons recall ;

Or

And the time-taking, subtle Spaniard, name,  
 Or the wild Carrib, for *he* battled all.  
 Thrice seventimes round has Phœbus' car been  
 driv'n,  
 Since first he shone array'd in armuor  
 bright;  
 Two hundred times and seventy three, i'th  
 heaven  
 Has fill'd, and wan'd, the sober queen of  
 night.

Now ah ! no more pleas'd victor to return !  
 Slain by a lawless, ill advised, crew ;  
 Lament ye warriors o'er the soldier's urn,  
 For such a loss, excess of griefs' your due.

D

And

And see! methinks! on yonder sanguin'd plain,  
W O E'S pointing out the partner of his  
life;

Who cross'd th' Atlantic (bad condition'd  
main)

The vent'rous Heroine, and the virtuous  
Wife.

But lovely, mournful, widow'd sister, peace;

O! give thyself not wholly o'er to grief!

Stifle the sigh, and bid the tear surcease,

Still Britian's isle is gracious in relief.

**THE**



( 15 )

THE  
MORAL ROSE,

---

Written in 1777. and inscribed to my late Wife, then  
Miss Coates.

**G**O, emblem of the vivid bloom,  
On Rosalinda's cheek;  
Fair short liv'd work of nature's loom,  
Be Moralist, and speak.

“ Prize not to much, admired maid,

“ The charm that fails so soon;

“ Ah! think thy beauty's but a shade,

“ Or but a rose at noon.

“ That by revokeless fate's decree,

“ E'er ev'ning must decay;

“ So

" So tranfient, all the pegeantry,  
" Of life's uncertain day.

" Attun'd for more exalted views,  
" Intent on virtue fill :  
" Search reason's paths, where wisdom fhews  
" Truth's harmonizing will.

O T

( 17 )

T O

P H I L L I S

A S O N G.

---

**A**H! PHILLIS why that coy reserve?  
Dear sweet but cruel maid;

'Tis smiles alone, not frowns, will serve  
To heighten beauty's shade.

What tho' those cheeks with crimson glow;  
Those lips with rubies vie;  
That neck, surpasses unfullied snow,  
The solar blaze that eye.—

Their momentary charms thou'lt find,  
Vain, trifling, flow'r's that fade;  
Whilst virtue dignifies the mind,  
And love exalts the maid.

E

THE



( 18 )

THE  
PRAISE  
OF  
D O L L Y,  
A S O N G.

---

**L**ET others sing of this or that,  
Be gay, or melancholy;  
I'd pass alone, in gleesome chat,  
My hours with smiling DOLLY.

Of all the maids that trip the green,  
Devoid of pride and folly;  
There's none so handsome, boasts a mein  
So graceful half as DOLLY.

Her

Her auburn locks the zephyrs kiss,  
She's blithelome, fair and jolly ;  
Ye gods, I ask no greater blifs,  
But grant me smiling DOLLY.

Then unconcern'd I'll pass them bye,  
Coquetish PHILL and MOLLY ;  
My fancy ever more employ,  
The lovely peerless DOLLY:

The

( 20 )

THE  
P R A I S E  
O F  
W A R D,  
A S O N G.

---

**O** AID me ye muscal nine,  
Apollo, too deign with regard;  
To smile on thy vot'ry's design,  
Who'd sing of his beautiful WARD.

Fair HELEN, that much toasted dame,  
May strike into rapture some bard;  
But I, whilst permitted to name,  
Will sing of the beautiful WARD.

To



To *Sparta*, or *Egypt*, who'd roam  
For themes ; such I wholly discard ;  
When nature designs 'em at home,  
Such noble distinctions as **WARD**.

Ye vulgar, away from my fight,  
For you, not a thought have I spar'd ;  
But where all the graces unite,  
The peerless, accomplished **WARD**.

Or whether she frowns at my lay,  
Or smiles (the poor poet's reward)  
It matters not : bright as the day,  
And worthy extolling is **WARD**.

F

PHILLIS.

P H I L L I S,

A P A S T O R A L.

**B**EGONE ye cares that gnaw my breast,  
For DAMON will be true;  
From doubts, my bosom be at rest,  
Vain jealousies adieu.

Compos'd of what was thou my thought?  
Desire, and hope, and fear;  
Tormentings—more for you I've nought,  
Since DAMON is sincere.

Dear emblem of the happy state,  
In yonder poplar boughs;

Proud

Proud to enjoy its milky mate,  
A turtle fondly coos.

Such kindness, fure the swain will prove,  
Ye maids, he must be true;  
And PHILLIS, to requite his love,  
Be kind as turtle too.

THE:



THE  
H A P P Y S W A I N,  
A P A S T O R A L.

---

**R**ECALL'D from the brink of despair,  
As light as a feather my mind;  
Disolv'd in the winds all my care,  
Now PHILLIS has vow'd to be kind.

As blithesome, and chearful as May,  
Together we range o'er the green;  
Her beauties I pipe all the day,  
All night, I embrace with my queen.

Such innocent fondness, ye swains  
The great ones are strangers unto;  
And kings [for we live on the plains]  
But rarely such happiness know.

If

If daisies I pluck for her hair,  
 Or bil-berries bring from the rocks;  
 She smiles—a reward—the sweet fair,  
 And welcomes me back to the flocks.

A *wreath* now my charmer has wove,  
 Of myrtles, and woodbines, and bays;  
 (Fond token of conjugal love)  
 And “take it my shepherd” she says.

As muse, she engages my song,  
 My hours now are happily spent;  
 The shepherds I’m envy’d among,  
 But care not, am wed to **CONTENT**.

G

THE

( 26 )

THE  
FORCE  
OF  
LOVE,  
AS  
SONG.

---

**I**N vain I touch the warbling lute,  
To chear my love-sick mind ;  
Or plumb-tree pipe, or boxen flute,  
Unless my DELIAS kind ;—

Unless the Nymph, who reigns confest,  
Queen of the joys I share ;  
Vouchsafes to drive from out my breast,  
The pain that rankles there.

For



For ah! in love, the fev'rish soul  
 Flies madd'ning thro' the brain;  
 And arts that should the sense controul,  
 But combat with *disdain*.

So TEESE, when *rain-swoln*, from her dale,  
 In furious tumult drives;  
 Nor mounds, nor willow-banks avail,  
 Nor ought the swain contrives.

A

( 28 )

A  
N U P T I A L  
S O N G.

---

**R**ATTLING in the chains of union,  
Hail! ye fetter'd captives! hail!

Welcome to love's free dominion,

Welcome to *Cytherea's* vale.

Chorus—Welcome to &c.

Hymen (jolly *Hymen* greets ye,

All the graces round you play ;

VENUS from her *Paphos* meets ye,

Nature, smiling, marks the way.

Chor: VENUS from &c.

Strew

Strew it o'er with pinks and daisies,

Hark! the sweet SUADA cries!

Now DIONE's grandson raises,

Shouts that serenade the skies.

Cho: Now DIONE's &c.

**AIR.**

Happiest nymph, happiest swain,

Pride of thousands, of the plain;

Be ever lovesome, ever gay,

And celebrate the **NUPTIAL DAY.**

**H**

**THE**



( 30 )

T H E

C O N T E N T E D.

Or a true Charracter of Miss M— G— an admired Young  
Lady of SALOP.

---

**E**Nough propitious gods, I ask no more  
She's kind, the beauteous Nymph whom  
I adore;

All good, all gracious, heavenly, all divine,  
And I'm FAVONIA's, and FAVONIA's mine.

Her ev'ry turn, what modest meekness  
shows,

Each lip a coral, cheek a blushing rose;  
Her forehead marble, teeth enamell'd fett;  
Her hair soft curling, and of polish'd jett:  
Her eyes (but need I name her eyes?) appear,  
Bright as the Onyx, as the dew-drops clear.

In

In shape genteel, of a becoming air,  
 Surpassing ; but unconscious that she's fair ;  
 And fairer still, with mental charms endu'd,  
 Of which, alone, to cultivate she's proud ;  
 And here, sweet ease, with soft complacency ;  
 Virtue with sense, and sense with piety ;  
 Good-natur'd, affable, benovelent,  
 And blest with all that WISDOM ever meant  
 For mortals weal, such plausible worths  
 combine,  
 And I'm FAVONIA's, and FAVONIA's mine.

THE

( 32 )

THE  
C O M I N G  
O F  
P H E B E A N D M A Y,  
A P A S T O R A L.

---

**B**EDECK yourselves ye wanton flow'rs,  
In all your finest blooms;  
Awake, ye softly thrilling pow'r's  
My rosy PHEBE comes.

She comes, and with the smiling MAY,  
Whilst 'mid the blossom'd trees;  
Young gamefome, morning Zephyrs, play  
The odorif'rous breeze.

See



See, yonder Cowslip hangs its head,  
Because the Nymph's more fair;  
And daises o'er the dappled mead,  
Announce my charmer there.

Her foremost in floralion dance,  
Mark o'er the shady green;  
To greet, whilst villagers advance,  
My PHEBE, and their Queen.

As tokens of their grateful love,  
The nymphs and shepherds bring;  
Rich primrose garlands, fitly wove,  
And woo the welcome spring.

Their dulcit throats, the tuneful Choir  
In sweeter notes distend;

I

And

And turtles coo with fond desire,  
And pines, and poplars, bend.

As lovers, to the rivlet's tide,  
The pliant willows bow ;  
And graceful o'er its verdrous side,  
What pinks and vi'lets grow.

This for my PHEBE, virgins, this,  
Creation now is gay ;  
I'll hail her with a faithful kifs,  
And welcome genial MAY.

WINTER

W I N T E R,

A P A S T O R A L.

---

**A** H! whither bright *Phæbus* so fast?  
 Why post it so quickly away?  
 To what distant climate such haste,  
 Great source and sole regent of day?

The flow'rets——not one now remains,  
 For gone is their life-beaming god;  
 Save daises, a few, on the plains,  
 That languish and droop on the clod.

Dear violets, your loss I bemoan!  
 But, destin'd by *fate* was your doom;  
 My



My pinks, but for this were you blown,  
And PHILLIS was fond of your bloom.

Dispoil'd are the jessamines of green,  
Their fragrance the woodbines have lost  
A rose bud—not one to be seen,  
Enchain'd lies the riv'let by frost.

The blackbird's mellifluous notes,  
No more from the thickets resound;  
No linnets distend their sweet throats,  
No songster of joy to be found.

All, all seem in sadness to mourn,  
Distorted and ransack'd the year;  
But *Phœbus* in sooth will return,  
And joy to illumine the sphere.

So

So *man* (for his date is no more)  
 Just passes, we sorrow a while;  
 The year of his life but is o'er,  
 And *mirth* gives the pleasure-form'd smile.

K

SPRING,

S P R I N G,  
A P A S T O R A L.

---

**N**OW *Spring's* (cheerful season) return'd,  
Be joyous ye sons of the spray;  
Why longer should nature be mourn'd?  
Come PHILLIS and listen my lay.

O come my delight and my love,  
Thy shepherd no artfulness knows;  
The wreath that you yesterday wove,  
To-day shall be fix'd on my brows.

And FLORA shall lend me her stores,  
For FLORA must shortly be here;

To



To crown *thee* my fair one, with flow'rs,  
Such crowns, even goddess's wear.

See, see how the primroses grow,  
What violets the hedges adorn ;  
Already the floe-bushes blow,  
Diffusing their sweets to the morn.

Bright PHEBUS in golden array,  
Revisits our borders again ;  
Ye villager —virgins be gay,  
Be jovial each jocular swain.

## P A S T O R A L.

**W** Hilst *Flora* thro' the mantling bow'rs,  
 In elegant array;  
 Bestrews a thousand fragrant flow'rs,  
 In compliment to May.

This oaten-pipe, so long forsook,  
 I'll tune to playful strains;  
 Such † CORYDON [dear shepherd] took,  
 Who charm'd the list'ning swains.

Where TEESE's silver currents flow,  
 By FRIERAGE banks along;

† CUNNINGHAM

And

And willows dank, and sedges grow,  
 Shall nurse the artless song.

But chief thy praise, O fairest maid,  
 The shepherd must rehearse;  
 Whose labours all are overpaid,  
 When PHILLIS reads his verse.

Oft, as a cooing constant *pair*,  
 In yonder elm I see;  
 Their joys I fondly would compare,  
 To those I prove with THEE.

But, not the sweetly billing doves,  
 In beauty's happiest train;  
 Are half so fond, can boast such loves,  
 As PHILLIS and her SWAIN.

L

A



( 42 )

A

S O N G.

---

**C**EASE thou trifling god to tease me,  
Cupid with these darts of thine;  
Kinder be; O tell, and ease me!  
Shall fair **CHLOE** e'er be mine?

Must I languish for the charmer?  
Feel more agonizing smart?  
No: be gracious and disarm her,  
Split in twain her icy heart.

**TO**

T O

## A Y O U N G. L A D Y,

On her charging THE AUTHOR with INFIDELITY; written at  
 BIRMINGHAM in MAY 1774.

---

**T**O clear thy doubts, and vindicate my  
 cause,

By just ANTEROS, and his sacred laws;

By Ocean's god, and by the Prince of Hell;

By all the powers that on *Olympus* dwell:

No love I've made, to women-kind but *you*,

'Tis thus I *swear*, believe me firmly true;

And ah! why charge me with fallacious art,

When thou *alone*, art Mistress, of my heart;

With

With *thee* it reigns, nor time, nor place can  
move,

The dear, the vast, remembrance of my love.  
Well may your village with thy charms resound,  
( When more than *Venus* thou'rt a goddess  
found ) [lays,

Well may the shepherds, tune their doric  
And smoothly pipe, the sweet MARIA's  
praise.

Did PARIS live, he'd thee O maid! prefer,  
To *Sparta's* Queen, who caus'd a ten years war:  
More charms in YOU, than HELEN, would  
he see,

But hapless then! he'd *soar* to rival me.

Were



Were JUNO told so bright a Nymph  
 dwelt *here*, [fear;  
 She'd fret and waste, thro' jealousy and  
 Left JOVE (the thund'ring JOVE) the  
 news should hear.

Let fair AURORA usher in the morn,  
 Let crystalizing drops bedew the thorn;  
 Let FLORA, with her gay attendants, rove,  
 And charm the sense in ev'ry myrtle grove;  
 Yet in AURORA, I no pleasures view,  
 Nor is rich FLORA, more a queen than you

M

ON

( 46 )

ON THE  
D E A T H  
O F  
MR. GEO. COUGHRON.

An incomparable MATHEMATICIAN, late of *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. Published in the Town and Country Magazine for June 1774.

---

YE lovers of science lament,  
No longer must COUGHRON impart;  
What deep in rich nature lies pent,  
E'en truths of misterious art.  
A worthy acquaintance to all,  
His passions were gen'rous and free;  
Renowned, and great in his fall,  
Nor saw more than years twenty-three.

On

On banks of meandering TWEED,  
 The *youth* first would nature define ;  
 But [urg'd by MINERVA] agreed  
 To rifle her stores on the TYNE.

Each artist his aid would implore ;  
 Affirming *him* prince of the train ;  
 Who could with such majesty soar ?  
 As witness his † CURVE on the plane,  
 His PHILLIS was heard in the groves,  
 Crying "*he* that could please is no more";  
 Thro' fields of Elysium he roves,  
 The King of all Kings to adore.

His

† His answer to the prize question in the GENTLEMAN'S DIARY for 1772, which, could only be effected by himself.



His judgment, his genius how great!  
His reasoning faculty strong;  
A lawyer, an artist compleat,  
And worthy, thrice worthy, my song.

His praise, future ages will ring,  
Yea myriads of COUGHRON will tell;  
In strains undulating they'll sing,  
How wreathed with laurels he fell.

A

P A S T O R A L  
E L E G Y,

---

On the Death of Mr THO. SADLER, of WHIT  
CHURCH, in *Shropshire*; a famous DIARIAN.

**Y**E shepherds, since DAMON is dead,  
Our DAMON that sweetly could sing;  
Since nature's glad songster is fled,  
Accept the sad tribute I bring.

The soft trilling sisters lament,  
They grieve on the *Helicon* shore;  
And—thus—whilst their anguish they vent,  
Exclaim “Is our DAMON no more?”

N

The

The fates—*thus* they chide as they weep,

“Why spun ye his life-time so fast?

“Or why, the choice few that we’d keep,

“To kill are ye ever in haste”?

For DAMON [fond shepherd] they lov’d,

Who piped so sweet on the plains;

The meads and the lawns he approv’d,

Where now but dull languidness reigns.

The nymphs that were wonted on DEE,

To listen his song and be glad;

That danc’d to his metre with glee,

Are hypocondrical and fad.

Consumed are all the gay flow’rs,

At the milking, no singing is heard;

The



The birds are all mute in the bow'rs,  
And nature declines for her BARD.

How mild, yet how jocound his lays,  
DIARIA would call him her own ;  
He dropt, but encircled with bays,  
He fell, but enwrapt with renown.

Ye swains, bring me hither his FLUTE,  
The FLUTE that my DAMON would use ;  
And let me [for none it will suit]  
Now break it, or give it his muse.

And, each bring his straw-pipe along,  
The straw-pipe that PASTORA gave ;  
We'll commemorate him in a song,  
We'll join in a dirge by his grave.

THE

( 52 )

T H E  
B U C K ' s

S O N G.

---

Written for the CLUB at BIRMINGHAM, and set to  
MUSIC by Mr ELLIS.

**E**Nflav'd no longer by PASSION,  
Resolv'd I'm by *Jove* to be free;  
A LIBERTINE——thus in the fashion,—  
Can mirth with a bond-man agree?

Away with this damnable whining,——  
She's coy;———but I care not a straw;  
Another, may be more inclining,  
A curse on these answers no, no,

Tho'

Tho' *Phillis* deny me, and *Kitty*,  
 I scorn, as their DUPE, to lament ;  
 For dem' me, firs, girls in the city  
 Are plenty as hop- poles in *Kent*.

Then, friends to the cause fill your glasses,  
 In BACCHUS's revels there's health ;  
 And blest with what grandeur surpasses,  
 We'll spurn at *Midas's* wealth.

O

THE



T H E  
C L O W N ' S  
C O M P L A I N T.

---

'T WAS as birght *Phebus* from the ocean  
rose,

And fightingzephyrs sprang to kiss the boughs;

That ROGER, artless [as his numbers are]

Reclining, *thus* address'd his faithless fair:—

“O SUSAN! canst thou so ungrateful prove?

“ Ah! set at nought thy ROGER's plighted  
love!

“Canst thou forget what goodly fairings I

“ Would bring thee home? What pleasing  
ballads buy—

“ With

“ With minims set? and pins to deck thy hair?

“ Nor ever thought a village lass so fair—

“ How canst thou, SUSAN, from thy vows depart? heart;

“ Vows, whilst upon thy sheath I carv’d my

“ The glass and spoon, you said, should disagree,

“ The much-lov’d kettle lose its use at tea;

“ Christmas should turn to Whitsunday, and reel [wheel.]

“ The year about,—as doth thy fav’rite

“ E’re thou wouldst faithless prove, or change to be.

“ The pride, the joy, of any swain but me:

“ Nowah! ambitious of some wealthier spouse

“ Thou disregard’st me, disregard’st thy vows.

P A S T O R A L

---

Written at S A L O P.

**T**HE beauty of nature my theme,  
Permit O ye shepherds the tone ;  
Permit me to pipe by your stream,  
\* SABRINA, unrival'd by one.

And now,---for my SCRANNEL's in tune,  
*Phyllyra* may listen the while ;  
PHILLYRA, as blooming as June,  
As chaste as simplicity's smile.

Behold

\* The Ancient name of the River SEVERN.



Behold *her*—of virgins the pride,  
Ye swains!--and she's fond of my skill;  
For *her*, the young zephyrs have sigh'd,  
And *Cupids* frequented the hill.

Nor pinks, nor the violet's bloom,  
Nor Poppies, the produce of MAY;  
Nor the roses in CHLORIS's loom,  
Nor CHLORIS herself is so gay.

Soft innocence beams in her eye,  
Resplendent wherever we meet;  
Her cheeks are AURORA's own sky,  
That crimsons 'neath *Phebus's* feet.

P

With

With transport the HARBOURS\* among,  
In *Kingland*, on daisies we tread;  
Or listen with rapture the song,  
Of linnets, and larks of the mead.

And others, the fons of the grove,  
Glad minstrels that hail the gay morn;  
And warble their sonnets of love,  
Recluse in the dew-spangled thorn.

Yon QUARRY Elysium the scene,  
Surpassing description sweet place;  
Where

\* Where the different Trades meet once a year with  
Musick Feasting &c. being about a Mile from the  
TOWN of SHREWSBURY.

Where bord'ring the pastures so green,  
Tall L I M E S with their branches  
embrace.

There oft, we carefs in the shade,  
And there my PHILLYRA and me;  
In alcoves that nature has made,  
By NATURE are taught to agree.

A



( 60 )

A  
H Y M N  
FOR  
CHRISTMAS DAY

---

**H**ARK ! hark ! what joyful sounds are  
these,

Which vibrate from above ;  
To earth (long troubled earth) be peace,  
T'wards men good will and love.

As shepherds left their flocks and sought,  
The new-born SAVIOUR dear ;  
So let *us* quit each wordly thought,  
And look for JESU here.

Here

( 61 )

Here, where he will be found of those,  
Who seek his face aright;  
And for their sov'reign king have chose,  
Th' immortal heir of LIGHT.

Transported then, let all the earth,  
For JESU [ JESU ] call;  
And hail with songs of awful mirth,  
This solemn FESTIVAL.

Q

ANOTHER.

( 62 )

A N O T H E R  
F O R  
C H R I S T M A S D A Y.

---

**A** WAKE my harp to chearful sound,  
On ev'ry tuneful string;  
Rejoice, and laud, ye nations round,  
The earth's imperial King.

Rejoice — this day of humble birth,  
Of needy virgin too;  
Was born a Saviour,—wake O earth!  
MAHOMET! PAGAN! JEW!

Wake O my harp ;—no common theme  
Invites thy trembling pow'rs;  
No idle fiction, airy dream,  
But angels, such as yours.

EPITAPH.



( 63 )

E P I T A P H

ON MY

W I F E,

---

Who died in childbed, after a Matrimonial State of Nine  
Months; January 28, 1779.

**T**OO good for earth, by nature's children  
trod,

With Angel-speed, to wait on nature's god,  
Her upward journey took: (releas'd from  
woe;)

The chosen *patron* for her sex below.—

ENIGMA

( 64 )

E N I G M A.  
F O R T H E  
L A D I E S.

---

The young LADY who sends the best POETICAL solution to the following ENIGMA within one Month; signed in her own Name, shall be presented with Two of these Books by the A U T H O R.

I SING not ladies, *Latium's* fertile plains,  
Her crowded villas, nor her tuneful  
swains;

Of ancient *Illium*, fav'rite realm of *Jove's*,  
Nor of the *Cyprian*, fam'd *Idalian* groves:

To *Albion's* isle, confin'd, my muse shall be,  
*Albion*, as matchless as her fair ones, SHE.

Then

Then mark the tale,—from origin and birth,  
 Ye fair we're near-a-kin, our parent's earth;  
 To dwell in *Eden* too, was once our lot,  
 But ah ! [like *Adam*,] forc'd to leave the spot;  
 Forc'd to forego each *Amaranthine* grove,  
 Delightful scenes of innocence and love.

When *Boreas* blusters from his bleak  
 domain,

And rills lie bound in many an icy chain;

When the “proud hills a virgin whiteness  
 shed, [mead”;

“And dazzling brightness glitters from the  
 We're no where found, no vestiges appear,

'Till vernal suns have warm'd the Hemis-  
 phere;

R

Then



Then marching forth, our modest faces show,  
The various teints that paint the heav'nly  
bow.

But short alas! the *time* to mortals given,  
'Ere *Phebus* twice hath gallop'd round the  
heaven :

Our grandeur's gone ; if not [O shame to tell]  
Made the sure captives of some am'rous *belle*,  
Or airy *beau* ; then shorter still our date,  
Mankind's true emblem in the hands of fate.

Now O ye fair ! whose prying wits per-  
vade,

Each mystic doubt, each enigmatic shade;  
Declare your names, and merit fresher bays,  
Whilst fame's loud trumpet verbrates with  
your praise.

SONG

## S O N G.

**R**OUSE Britons from fashions and dice,  
 Repair to the beat of the drum;  
 Away with *corruption* and *vice*,  
 Let courage engage you to come.  
 The cause of your nation defend,  
 Against the usurption of France;  
 And let it be said in the end,  
 With courage you boldly advance.  
 See, *Victory* rides on the main,  
 And HARDY the hero diffuse;  
 Such balls for *Britannia* again,  
 As erst the brave KEPPEL would use.  
 We'll

We'll drub them [my boys] never fear,  
 Exalt in your *cause* for it's good;  
 And suppliant straitway they'll appear,  
 With olives to be understood.

HOWE'S



( 69 )

H O W E ' s  
N U P T I A L S,  
A S O N G.

---

Written about the time GENERAL HOWE took New York,  
LONG-ISLAND &c.

SINCE *Independence* is their aim,  
On t'other side the Ocean;  
*Britannia's* lawful rights to claim,  
How vain their bant'ring notion.

Her hero's soon, with roaring guns,  
Will scatter wide her thunder;  
Whilst *Hancock*, baseless upstart, runs,  
And list'ning nations wonder.

S

As

As fell *M——y*, so must all,  
 Who lawless order threaten;  
 The hoary *Washington* must fall,  
 And blust'ring *Lee* be beaten.

Now, *Howe* directs th' uplifted sword,  
 Unsheath'd to mark his glory;  
 Whilst *Albion's* warlike youths record,  
 His NUPTIALS with VICTORY.

AN

( 7<sup>I</sup> )

A N  
E L E G Y  
O N T H E  
D E A T H  
O F M Y  
W I F E.

---

Written by Mr W. W——ll delivered to myself, a few  
Days after her decease, to whom it is inscribed.

*Via lethe omnibus semel calcanda est.* SENEC.

**T**HY fate ELIZA we must all deplore!  
How short thy life! how sudden  
was thy doom;  
Scarce twice twelve years have sent one  
victim more,  
To rest in silence in the dreary tomb!  
Ah!



Ah! what avails, or youth, or beauty bright,  
 Th' " Infatiate Archer " wounds both old  
 and young ;

Clos'd are those eyes in never-ending night,  
 And mute for ever, is thy tuneful tongue!

The human race must fall, the debt is due,  
 Th' irrevocable sentence, all must try ;  
 Reflect on that, the next perhaps is *you*,  
 Or *he*, or *I*, for all shall surely die.

The change soon comes ! our moments pass  
 away,

Like winding rivers gliding to the main ;  
 Our days so few ; oh ! may we never stray,  
 From virtue's paths while life does yet  
 remain.

Around

Around her bed the Guardian Angels fly,  
She heard them singing, whilst one seem'd  
to say:

“ To live for ever, ’*LIZA*, you must die,  
“ Come therefore, sister, come with speed  
away.”

Let us like ’*LIZA*, choose the better part,  
And then with joy we may lay down to rest;  
Trust in our Maker, and with grateful heart,  
Acknowledge that, “ whatever is, is best.”

Not but humanity demands a tear,  
’Tis nature prompts, give decent sorrow  
scope;

T

But

But, whilst *affection* calls you to *her Bier*,  
Remember *friend*, to "grieve not without  
hope."

THE



By a FRIEND, and publish'd here by desire.

I.

**H**OW prone the bosom is to sigh,  
How prone to weep the human eye;  
As thro' this painful life we steer,  
This valley of the sigh and *Tear*.

II.

When Saints lift up their souls in prayer,  
Redeem'd from sin, remorse and care;  
Possess'd with hope, and holy fear,  
'Tis then the christian's pious *Tear*.

When

## III.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,  
 And friends long absent, meet once more;  
 Fraught with delight, and love sincere,  
 'Tis then sweet FRIENDSHIP's joyful *Tear*.

## VI.

When by the heart with sorrows griev'd,  
 A thousand blessings are receiv'd;  
 With every comfort that can cheer,  
 'Tis then bright virtue's grateful *Tear*.

## V.

When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,  
 Feel deadly pangs invade their heart;  
 Torn from the object each holds dear,  
 'Tis then, alas! the parting *Tear*.

Where

IV.

Where wretches on the earth reclin'd,  
Their doom of condemnation sign'd;  
(The end of earthly being near)  
'Tis then soft pity's gentle *Tear*.

VII.

When one friend sees another bleed,  
Or suffer anguish, pain, or need;  
Then, then involv'd in smart severe,  
We drop the sympathetic *Tear*.

VIII.

If on some lovely creature's face,  
Rich, in proportion, colour, grace;  
A pearly drop should once appear,  
'Tis then the lovely beauteous *Tear*.

U

When



IX.

When mothers [O! the grateful sight]  
Their children view with fond delight;  
Surrounded by a charge so dear,  
'Tis then the sweet maternal *Tear*.

X.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,  
To whom their fond attention's paid;  
With conscious blushing, sobs appear,  
'Tis then the lovely pleading *Tear*.

XI.

When two dear friends of kindred mind,  
By every gen'rous *tye* conjoin'd;  
Behold *their* dreaded parting near,  
'Tis then O! then the bitter *Tear*.

But

## XII.

But when the wretch with sins oppress'd,  
Strikes in an agony his breast;  
When torn with guilt, distress and fear,  
'Tis then the best, the saving *Tear*.

( 80 )

THE  
S T O R Y  
O F  
O R P H E U S  
A N D  
E U R I D Y C E.

---

— *En iterum crudelia retro tata vocant.* VIRG.

SOON as EURIDYCE resign'd her breath,  
Soon as her soul had left her pallid breast;  
Unhappy ORPHEUS, sorrowing for her death,  
In mournful accents, thus, the gods address'd.

“ Pity



“ Pity, ah! pity my unhappy fate!  
 “ Ye gods, who over mortal men preside;  
 ● Restore! restore, my ever charming mate,  
 “ Nor let my supplications be deny’d.

“ But, if with cruel eyes, ye ORPHEUS see,  
 “ Nor give me back to earth my beauteous fair;  
 “ I’ll go to *her*, tho’ *she* can’t come to me,  
 “ I’ll go to *her*, and she’ll assuage my care.

To *Tartarus*, then, the lovingspouse retir’d,  
 Where by the pow’r of *Musick* he obtain’d,  
 Of dauntless PLUTO, what he most desir’d;  
 His *Wife* no longer was by *Styx* restrain’d.

But, first the god, this fatal bargain made,  
 Ne’er to look back t’wards *Tartarus* [gloomy  
 coast];

X

If

If *this* was not comply'd with, [PLUTO said]  
His well-lov'd spouse should be for ever lost.

And now, t'wards earth they joyful bend their  
way,

Each happy, having conquer'd ev'ry care;  
And now, they thought they saw the light of  
day,

And now, the spouse address'd his smiling fair.

" Welcome, O welcome! to my arms again,  
" EURIDYCE, the joy of all my life;  
" Farewell for ever, ev'ry kind of pain,  
" I've got again my long regretted *Wife*.

He turns around to clasp her in his arms,  
But ah! EURIDYCE again is fled;  
What anguish now his tender breast alarms,  
What cares corroding burst around his head.

At

At first confounded, fighting deep he stood,  
 Nor could his heaving bosom utter more ;  
 'Till tears succeeded in a copious flood,  
 And, then his hair with frantic hands he tore.

“ Was it for *this!* for *this!* alas! [he cry'd]  
 “ That I so many threat'ning dangers brav'd!  
 “ Better by far had PLUTO me deny'd,  
 “ Than I t'have lost *thee* just when thou wert  
   fav'd!

“ No more, shall I behold that blooming face!  
 “ O thou who wert my joy, my greatest pride;  
 “ But now, I'll follow *thee*, with eager pace,  
 “ My fleeting life's now short”--he said---and  
   died.

EXTEMPORE



E X T E M P O R E,

---

On seeing MRS THOMPSON, in the Character of  
DIANA, at the THEATRE, YORK.

— Immortals say,  
Who on THOMPSONA gaze, with ravish'd  
eyes;  
If ere in TEMPE's soft enchanting shades,  
With loosen'd zones, and hair, the huntress  
yet  
Appear'd a goddess more? or more divine?  
Careless of wounding, yet unerring wounds,  
And more than with a feath'ry arrow kills.

GALLIA.

( 85 )

T O

G A L L I A,

---

WEEP! GALLIA, weep! thy crested  
flow'rs

A deadly crimson shed;  
Abash'd by *Albion's rosy bowers*,  
See! how each hangs its head!

Ah! weep! thy treach'ries now return  
Upon thy guilty brow;  
Whilst *Albion's* fame is still upborne  
"By all the winds that blow."

And didst thou deem [mistaken foe]  
The seas were all thy own?

Y

*Britannia*

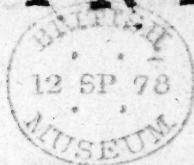
*Britannia* so distress'd and low,  
Was to be trampled down?

Old Ocean's early nurtur'd sons,  
Maintain the rights *she* gave;  
And far as e'er a billow runs,  
Are monarchs of the wave.

Mourn GALLIA ! unremedied mourn,  
Along thy frighted shores !  
By *Britons* still be scorg'd;—their scorn;  
And hark ! the lion roars ! \*

\* The unanimity which at present subsists thro' the kingdom of *Great-Briain, Ireland, &c.*

FINIS.





# E R R A T A.

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# F. R. A. T. A.

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